

Natures ashed in antique urn.
 Yet with this lofty element
 Flows a stream of gentle kindness,
 And thou to life thy strength hast lent,
 And borne profoundest tenderness
 In thy Promethean sinewy arm,
 With mercy's love that would all angels charm.
 So trembling meek, so proudly strong,
 Thou dost to higher worlds belong
 Than where I sing this empty song.
 Yet I, a thing of mortal kind,
 Can kneel before thy pathless mind,
 And see in thee what my mates say
 Sank o'er Judea's hills one crimson day.
 Yet flames on high the keen Greek fire,
 And later ages rarefies,
 And even on my tuneless lyre
 A faint wan beam of radiance dies.
 And might I say what I have thought
 Of thee and those I love to-day,
 Then had the world an echo caught
 Of that intense impassioned lay
 Which sung in those thy being sings,
 And from the deepest ages rings.

c.

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 TO ———

PLANETS bear thee in their hands,
 Azure skies have folded o'er thee.
 Thou art sung by angel bands,
 And the deep, cold, throbbing sea,
 Whispered in each sighing tree,
 In each meadow's melody.

Where the sprites outwatch the moon,
 And the ghostly night-breeze swells,
 And the brook prolongs a tune,
 Through the slumbering meadowed dells, —
 There thou weavest unknown spells
 To the ringing fairy bells.

In thy folded trance there hide
 Ceaseless measures of content,
 And thou art of form the bride —
 Shapely picture's element.

c.

—————
 THE FRIENDS.

OUR village grave-yard, — would I could relate
 To you all that I think of it, its trees,
 Its trailing grass, the hanging stones that say,
 This watch o'er human bones fatigues not us.
 My boyhood's fear unsatisfied, for then
 I thought a wandering wind some ghostly father,
 While the sweet rustle of the locust leaves
 Shot a thin crystal web of icy dread
 O'er the swift current of my wild heart's blood.
 One night the pastor's form among the tombs
 Chased the big drops across my unseamed brow; —
 You smile, — believe me, lesser things than these
 Can win a boy's emotions.

These graves — I see you mean, —
 Their history who knows better than I?
 For in the busy street strikes on my ear
 Each sound, even inaudible voices
 Lengthen the long tale my memory tells.
 Now mark how reads th' inscription, "Here lie
 Two, who in life were parted, now together."
 I should remember this brief record well, —
 In faith, I penned it, for I have strange notes,